WAY OF THE ANNEX

How the Harvard Institution Has Flourished

DURING ITS VERY BRIEF LIFE

The Plans for the Admission of Women to the Staid Old College Has Worked to Perfection in Every Detail.

The report of Arthur Gilman, secretary of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women by the Professors and Other Instructors of Harvard College, covers the thirteenth year, ending Sept. 1, 1892, and shows remarkable growth and prosperity. The annex was started in a small way. Before it was thought of there had been instruction for women by professors in colleges, but that instruction was not of the character planned to be given in Cambridge. In 1876 the originators of the undertaking, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gilman, thought an arrangement could be made by which women could receive instruction from the professors in Harvard college.

The admission of women directly to the college was out of the question. Accordingly no advances were made directly to the corporation of the college, but instruction was asked of the professors, whose college duties were to be in no wise interfered with. It was not until 1878 that the plan was perfected and brought to the attention of Professor and Mrs. J. B. Greenough, who heartily approved of it. Most of the other professors gave their immediate assent to the request to teach women, and President Eliot added important counsel and encouragement. A directing body was then formed, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, Professor and Mrs. Greenough, Miss Lilian Horsford, Miss Alice M. Longfellow, Mrs. Josiah Parsons Cooke, Mrs. E. W. Gurney and Mrs. Louis Agassiz.

In February, 1879, the first circular was issued, and in the September following the annex opened. The first year began with twenty-five students, who formed twenty-nine classes of instruction, and called for the services of seven professors, four assistant professors and twelve instructors. At first the annex occupied two rooms in a house on Appian way, near the college. From year to year additional rooms were required, and finally the society moved into its present home in the Fay house. This building was an old brick mansion, formerly the home of Edward Everett. Soon after the annex secured the property Fay house had to be much enlarged, but the additions were so planned that the dignity and character of the old structure were retained.

When the annex took the Fay house in 1885 the question of finances became a serious one. At the beginning the enterprise had no strong financial backing. There was an annual deficit of about $4,000 for the first five years. This sum was cheerfully made up by men and women in Boston who were interested in the work. The money for the enlargement of the new quarters was also raised, and an endowment fund started.

Miss Horsford, the treasurer, gives the receipts last year as $47,988.58, and the expenditures as about $2,000 less. Of the income $34,010 was from tuition fees, $5,000 for a Maria Denny Fay scholarship and $7,000 from two years' interest on the general fund; $27,680 was expended in salaries, $1,048 on the library and $6,885 on the building.

Mr. Gilman calls attention to the fact that the number of students increased during the year from 174 to 241, and this fall there are nearly 300. The teaching force comprises more than seventy of the professors and other instructors of Harvard college, and as usual represents the older professors as well as the later additions to the faculty. The graduate students numbered twenty-two, coming from such institutions as Boston university, Bryn Mawr college, Kansas university, Nebraska university, Barnard college, Smith college, Wisconsin university, Oberlin college, Vassar college, Mount Holyoke college and Wellesley. One hundred and thirteen institutions furnished students, against seventy-seven the year before.

In the classes the special increases were in the departments of Greek, Latin, English, German, French, Italian, philosophy, political economy, history, the fine arts, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, physicial geography and geology. The degree of bachelor of arts, or rather the degree certificate, was conferred upon ten; master of arts upon one; final honors in classics upon one; final honors in history upon one; second year honors in classics upon three, and the Sargent prize for the best translation of an ode of Horace, competed for by the students of the college as well, went to Miss Margaret Foster Herrick, of Boston.—Boston Letter.

The Chinaman's "Yellow Oath."

One of the strangest judicial proceedings perhaps ever witnessed is that of the Chinaman taking what he is pleased to call the "yellow oath." The "oath" or declaration is always written on a piece of "sacred" paper, and is as follows:

"This is to call the spirits, both good and evil, to descend and watch over the trial of —— ——, who is charged with murdering —— ——. If I swear falsely and tell one untruth, or do not make statements according to the facts in the case, I humbly beg the celestial terrestrial spirits to redress the wrong done to —— —— and to punish me immediately for having been a false witness; to arrest my soul in its flight; to make me perish by the sword, or to cause me to die while on the sea far from home. This is my true and solemn oath, uttered by my own lips, and signed by me this, the —— day of the —— month in the —— year of the reign of the Emperor —— ——; and in proof of the earnestness of my declarations, may my soul be destroyed as I now destroy this paper—by fire." Immediately after the witness finishes reading his "yellow oath" a lighted candle is handed to him, and the paper is given as food for the flames.

To the writer's certain knowledge this form of oath has been administered but once in an American court of justice—during the trial of Wong Ah Foo, who was accused of murdering Loi Ah Gon at San Francisco in 1885. In China the candle used in this extraordinary ceremonial is made from the fat of criminals who have undergone the death penalty.—St. Louis Republic.

Great Financiers Who Tear Paper.

The propensity to tear paper into little bits is peculiar to Wall street brokers. Visitors in the Stock exchange frequently comment on the fact that the floor of the large boardroom is thickly strewn with tiny pieces of paper. Each broker carries a small memorandum pad, and as he becomes excited he tears off a page and proceeds to convert it into the largest number of infinitesimal pieces of which his fingers are capable. Some uncommonly nervous brokers will destroy two or three pads a day in this manner. Mr. Henry Clews is a tireless paper tearer. When he is talking business in his office his hands are restlessly reducing paper to snowflakes, which he throws into the air and watches with apparent interest as they scatter over the floor and the furniture. He probably tears up more paper and tears it finer than any other man in Wall street.

Mr. Jay Gould is also somewhat addicted to the habit of paper tearing, although, like his friend Russell Sage, he folds it and twists it and plays with it for quite awhile before destroying it. John H. Inman tears up a great deal of paper while talking. General Samuel Thomas not only tears it up, but frequently puts it in his mouth and chews it in an absentminded way. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will carefully make ribbons of a sheet of note paper while meditating upon some financial problem.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, when interested in conversation, will make figures, letters and fantastic characters on his pad. When he fills a page with characters will tear it off, crumple it up and throw it away, and then begin on another page.—New York Times.

How a Chinaman Kills a Chicken.

One might imagine that the Chinaman who gorges himself with broiled rats and bird's nest soup would eat any kind of meat prepared in any manner, but such is not the case. John Chinaman has his religious notions about such things as well as other people. Many of the almond eyed inhabitants of Chicago are not very good Buddhists. Since coming to the city they have become apostate. But watch the orthodox Chinaman when he goes to the market for his Sunday chicken. He will not take a dead one because the probabilities are that the fellow who killed it was not a believer in Gautama and may have chopped its head off with a hatchet. His chicken must have it head on and be very much alive.

John will go to the coop and stir the feathered prisoners up with a stick. If he finds one that cackles and flutters about in a lively manner he will buy it. He has no use for a dumpish, sickly appearing fowl.

Having made a selection he takes the chicken home alive, gets out a dirty little image, kneels before it, makes some queer motions with his hands, mumbles a few words, takes from a shelf or drawer a knife with a double edged blade which is extremely sharp, and with much ceremony whacks off the head of the fowl. This done he returns to the image, and kneeling again apologizes for having committed such a wicked deed and proceeds to prepare the chicken for dinner.—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Be of Service.

Judge Hutchinson was called upon to marry a young couple. Julius Wolpe, aged twenty-one, and Dora Alberti, a young miss of nineteen, appeared in the county clerk's office and procured a license. After securing the paper the the young man was embarrassed and did not know exactly what to do. The couple walked through the building arm in arm, and attracted the attention of a lawyer with an eye open for business.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"We want to get married," returned the young man.

The lawyer led the parties before Judge Hutchinson, and without hesitation the judge started in to tie the knot.

"Do you take this woman"——

"Yes sir," broke in the young man.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the judge. "Just wait until I get through with the question."

Wolpe was then asked if he would take Dora for better or for worse and forever and forever, etc., and he said he would. Dora made the same promises, and the ceremony was over with.

"I hope you people will never want a divorce," spoke up the lawyer as the parties were leaving, "but if you do, why here is my card."—Chicago Times.

Fuel on Large Ocean Steamers.

Ocean steamers consume much more fuel than the average person is aware of. Take, for an instance, the vessels of the Orient line, which make regular trips between Australia and Great Britain. The fastest steamer of that line is the Austral, which makes the voyage from London to Sydney in thirty-five days. During the "trip out" she never uses less than 3,650 tons of coal, and on the return voyage often as much as 4,000 tons. She has three coaling stations, and bunkers that will hold 2,750 tons without overcrowding. English-American "liners" like the Oregon consume 330 tons of coal per day for every day between Liverpool and New York.

The Sterling Castle went to China for a load of tea. She brought back a cargo of 2,200 tons of that staple Chinese commodity, but consumed 5,000 tons of coal in making the round trip from Liverpool. Immense stocks of coal are constantly kept on hand at St. Vincent, Madeira, Port Said, Singapore and other oriental coaling stations, there often being as much as 200,000 tons in store at the last named place.—London Letter.

Finding for the Lawyer.

Sometimes the jury returns a verdict for the lawyer, of which the following is a good instance: Mr. John Jones, a barrister of great influence and ability, was a leading counselor practicing in the Welsh circuit. Upon one occasion, after a felicitous speech on behalf of his client in a criminal case, the jury, as soon as the judge had summed up, without waiting for the officer to take their verdict, called out, "My lord, we are all for John Jones, with costs!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Practical Illustration.

Uncle Silas was the best posted man on general topics in the village, and a hunter of renown as well. He also had a virago for a wife. Dear, dear, what a temper that woman had! She was the only thing on earth of which Uncle Silas was afraid.

One day a class of school children called on the old man. They were sent by their teacher to get some facts in natural history.

"We've come," said the spokesman of the class, "to ask you some questions, Uncle Silas, about the habits and customs of the wildcat."

Uncle Silas had been very glad to see them, as the broad smile on his face testified. But now he looked very much alarmed.

"H-u-s-h!" he said, with a cautious gesture; "who on arth sent ye here on such a' errand?"

"Miss Knowles, our teacher," said the class in concert.

"Waal, she oughter know better. I ain't never hed anythin to say about them thar critters sence—oh, Lordy, thar she comes!"

And Uncle Silas lit out as a tall woman armed with a broom lit in.

"Think ye'r smart, do ye?" she screamed. "Wanter know about wildcats, hey? Got up a joke on the ole man, but I'll teach ye to joke on fac'a. Take that home for yer pains."

Whack, whack, went the broom, and it did not fail in its aim, as two of the boys who were the last to get out could easily prove.—Detroit Free Press.

Japanese Dentistry.

"The Japanese use no instrument for extracting teeth, but lift them out with the thumb and forefinger," said Henry Baker to a guest of the Southern, who was wearing his jaw in a sling as the result of a pair of forceps slipping and getting more than they were sent for.

"While jolly Dick Hubbard was minister to Japan I visited that country and spent a pleasant week with him. One day I was troubled with the toothache, and Mr. Hubbard took me to a dentist and explained to the saddle colored operator that I wanted the grinder extracted. I was placed in a bamboo chair and tilted slightly back. The dentist examined my teeth, talking volubly meanwhile to Uncle Sam's representative. Suddenly his thumb and forefinger closed on the troublesome tooth, and before I had the faintest idea of what was going to happen he lifted it out and held it up before me, smiling at the same time that vacant smile peculiar to the children of the orient. 'You were waiting for the forceps, were you?' said Minister Hubbard, with a laugh. 'They don't use 'em here.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Right Answer.

A judge, meeting a countryman, said to him, "Where are you going?"

"How do I know?" was the gruff reply.

The judge, taking it for a piece of impudence, said: "You don't know, you scamp? I'll teach you better manners. Off to prison with you!"

The poor rustic was seized forthwith and was being hauled off to jail when he turned, round and said, "Your worship can see now that I answered correctly, for I assure you that I didn't know I was going to prison."

This reply excited the risibility of the judge, who ordered him to be set at liberty.—Tesoretto.

A Monster Map.

Professor Penck's scheme is to construct a new map of the world on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, or about sixteen miles to the inch, the sheets to embrace 5 degs. in each direction, except for latitudes beyond 60 degs., for which the width would be 10 degs. of longitude. The land surface would require 769 sheets. The cost is placed at $500,000 beyond probable returns from sales.—Ohio State Journal.

The Price of Church Organs.

If you have any idea of buying a church organ after learning that they last for centuries, it will interest you to know that you can buy one in this city for any price between $500 and $80,000, and that in the best factories an instrument that sells for $10,000 takes six months to build.—New York Times.

The Prohibition Line in Maine.

The Prohibition line in Maine does not extend to elevations exceeding 1,500 feet. On the tip top of Green mountain, Mount Desert island, is one of the flashiest barrooms to be found anywhere, run without any pretext of concealment.—Exchange.

The moose in Penobscot county, Me., are so accustomed to the train that they gaze calmly and critically at the locomotive, and are not frightened by whistles and hissing steam jets.

Porson, the great Latinist, was the son of a weaver. His taste for learning was kindled by the accidental discovery of a book of Latin proverbs.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

The International Gold Cure Co. Will Secure More Commodious Quarters.

On his rounds Friday a representative of THE HERALD heard a rumor to the effect that The International Gold Cure company, now located at No. 250 Sheldon street, was about to remove its headquarters to another part of the city. For a verification of the report a visit was paid to the institute last evening. F. E. Pilcher, the medical director, was present, and in reply to the query regarding the rumor, said: "Yes, young man, there is more truth than fiction in that little rumor. You may say to your readers that we intend establishing headquarters in another part of the city in a very short time. We have been acting the good Samaritan and curing numerous cases of the liquor habit every week now for eight months, and business has increased to such an extent that we must have a sanitarium in connection with the office. We wish to get nearer to the business center. In a few days I can announce where our new quarters will be and at the same time speak fully upon the many conveniences and additional comforts we will be able to give our patients."